

WORLD'S HOME MAGAZINE.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER. THE FIRST BABY OF THE CENTURY.

The Difference Between the "Smart" Woman and the Dowd—It's Chiefly a Question of Corsets—A Few Hints on Correct Corseting.

The difference between the woman who looks always trim and smart, "free top to toe" and the luckless creature who is never well dressed no matter what her garments cost or where she gets them is chiefly a question of corsets.

Over a properly fitted corset a simple gown may be easily fitted in these days of wonderful paper patterns and the woman of modest means may for a few dollars and a little time present a really smart appearance.

The best fitter in the world cannot make a well-fitting gown over an ill-fitting corset.

You cannot very well build a colonial mansion on the frame of a Gothic residence.

You cannot, by the same token, make a harmonious figure according to the prevailing ideas of harmony, for I admit that the standard for feminine clothed figures is subject, as they say in the catalogues, to fluctuations—over an awkward, body-deforming corset.

WELL-CORSETED WOMAN

But when is a woman well corseted? Where can she get the correct corset? And why is it that, given two women of the same height and weight, precisely the same bust and waist measure, and the same corset, one will look smart, and with the correct lines as they are now regarded, while the other, in the identical garment, will have a protruding stomach, a flat chest and a heaven-knows-how-to-describe-it curve to her back.

A woman is well corseted when the garment performs the service it was originally intended for.

A corset should be a stay in fact as well as name.

It should support the breasts, and should be a stay, not a vise.

It should support, not imprison, the figure.

No woman can have a pretty figure in a tightly-laced corset.

Many of our deluded sisters apparently imagine the end of the world will come for them the day they yield half an inch to the size of their waists, no matter how nature revolts at the girlish waist measure of long ago.

So many women are so very childlike about the size of their waists, the numbers of their gloves and shoes.

I know women who are really sensible, God fearing and amiable members of

society. They would not depart from the truth, on matters generally, but oh my, the way they do stick by the numbers of shoes and gloves worn in the early eighties, when they weighed fifty pounds less than to-day, and the way they crowd their interiors and destroy their complexions in a desperate conflict to retain the little waist of little girlhood.

TIGHT LACING.

It would be amusing—only thinking people know that there never was an agent conceived so diabolical in its effects upon the health and beauty of woman kind as the tightly laced corset, which, with fiendish certainty, deprives a woman of the proper functions of every vital organ of her body.

It is perfectly useless to talk of going without corsets to women in general.

I have tried without prejudice the various make-shifts, waists, girdles, boneless jackets and other fearful and wonderful substitutes for corsets and I have been made ridiculous and uncomfortable in varying degrees thereby.

A young girl with slender, graceful figure may wear a girdle or a waist and if she knows how to carry herself she will be charming without a corset.

But women who are even plump—women who have borne children are benighted in health and vastly improved in appearance by wearing a properly constructed corset.

A correct corset should be so comfortable that the wearer may lie down in it with ease.

It should not press on any part of the body. The well-corseted woman is never in a hurry to "get her corsets off so as to be comfortable."

GOOD ADVICE.

I asked the corset-maker who is employed by the best gowned women not only in America but in Europe as well, and who sends corsets from her New York shop to London and Paris by every steamer, the secret of a well-fitting corset, and she said:

"The secret of a well-fitting corset is in having it fitted to the individual."

"No two women are exactly alike. It is impossible to count on getting the right corset unless it has been adjusted to the form of the woman who is to wear it."

"The next best way of getting a corset is to send measurements taken around the waist, across the bust and back under the arm to the waist, down the front and back. Get the corset nearest these measurements and have it fitted to the figure."

No corset fits when the wearer exhibits fleshy lumps or protuberances. There must be no bulging above the corset at the shoulders; no protruding stomach.

Sensible women should consider that fat must go some place.

If they crowd it down by tight lacing they will have enormous stomachs and hideous hips.

If they force the flesh up they will have what is called a high bust, which makes a woman appear like a trussed bird.

The chief value of the so-called straight-front corset is in the fact that it gives a woman natural lines—gives her plenty of breathing room, and neither compresses nor distorts the form.

There is a trick in adjusting the straight-front corset, which should first be put on with the laces far apart.

Next it should be adjusted, pulled down over the hips and in front until it loosely fits the figure. Every woman knows when the corset feels right.

Next the laces should be drawn comfortably snug, not tight.

The straight-front corset should never be laced tight. It must be very loose above the waist and easy below.

THE TRICK IN IT.

Now comes the trick by which the short woman does away with the big stomach which she has hated every hour of her life since she acquired it.

The wearer thrusts her hands inside the corset at the top between the breasts and raises the loose flesh. This at once produces the flat stomach and relieves the vital organs of all pressure.

The woman who with practically the same figure, puts her straight front corset on in the old-fashioned way—hooking it up the front and then pulling the corset laces until her strength gives out, darning cries help! will find the straight front a failure; she will have the old-fashioned figure, big stomach and all. Most anything worth doing is worth doing well.

Get the correct corset—put it on properly. Wear your gown with the corset it was fitted over. The greatest injustice to your figure and your dressmaker is to have your frock fitted over one style of corset and expect it to look well over another made on entirely different lines. Don't expect to have a perfect figure in any corset unless you know how to stand and walk properly. Your corset does not fit it if it presses uncomfortably any place or prevents free, deep breathing.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

THE FIRST BABY OF THE CENTURY.

Eugene Barry, Born at 12.00.10 A. M., Jan. 1, 1901, Winner of One of The Evening World's Gold Medals and Brass Cribs, Is Alive and Kicking.

His New Year's Greeting to Other Babies

I am the first baby of the twentieth century, and I hope all the other babies who came after me will have a New Year as bright and happy as the one I hope to spend myself with my papa and mamma.

—EUGENE BARRY.

THE first baby born in the twentieth century in Greater New York, and probably in the United States, will be two years old to-morrow.

At just ten seconds after midnight last night Eugene Barry, who won the prize

nine pounds and with hair and eyes as brown as hazelnuts, made her appearance in the Kriegl household.

Eugene Barry also weighed nine pounds at birth. But he grew rapidly and on his second birthday, Jan. 1, he



EUGENE BARRY.

Winner of The Evening World's gold medal for first boy baby born in Greater New York in Twentieth Century.

offered by The Evening World two years ago for the first baby born in the twentieth century will celebrate his third birthday.

Little Eugene whose enterprise in getting into the world ahead of all the other babies of New Year's Day, 1901, won one of the handsome gold medals and wonderful brass cribs offered by The Evening World, is the son of

Thomas J. Barry, a printer, and his wife, Annie. Just as the whistles of factories and engines and the tooting of horns were welcoming in the New Year this blue-eyed, light-haired baby boy made his appearance.

He beat the first girl baby, to whom The Evening World had also offered a prize of a gold medal and a crib, by one minute and fifty seconds, thereby settling for all time the question of masculine supremacy, and laying to rest the claims of the women suffragists.

The little girl who followed young Master Barry at a respectful interval of one minute and fifty seconds was Katie Kriegl, daughter of Abraham and Doris Kriegl, of 138 Norfolk street. It was just two minutes past 12 o'clock when a bouncing little girl, weighing almost

weighed over thirty pounds. He has never known a sick day and his parents have grown to regard the beautiful gold badge which he received from The Evening World as a sort of charm.

Little Eugene will celebrate his third birthday at the home of his parents, No. 107 East One Hundred and Ninth street. He was born on the same street, but not quite so far east, for in 1901 Mr. and Mrs. Barry resided at No. 121 East One Hundred and Ninth street.

The Evening World prints little Eugene's latest photograph, which shows what a fine sturdy youngster he has become. He now weighs over thirty-eight pounds and is two feet seven and one-half inches in height. The photograph was taken last week.

Thomas J. Barry, his father, says of him that the only time he ever gives his mother any peace is when he is sleeping soundly in the brass crib given him by The Evening World.

"For a child two years old," said Mr. Barry, "he certainly enjoys remarkable health. We have had no occasion to call in a doctor for him since his birth. He is able to walk and talk and is inclined to be very mischievous, far more so than any of his brothers and sisters."

LIVELY SUNDAY. An old Scotsman who all her life had observed and followed the rigorous teachings of Calvinism she had imbibed when a girl in her native land was recently induced by some of her young relatives whom she was visiting, to go with them to a fashionable Episcopal church where they worshipped, says the Philadelphia Times.

The choir, the elaborate ritual, the robed minister and the vested boys were all new and strange to her. As they filed out after the service she was asked: "Well, auntie, how did you like it?"

"Well," she replied, "it's verra interesting, I must say, but what a way to spend the Sabbath!"

THE YUKON. When free from ice the Yukon River is navigable for large steamers 1,960 miles, a distance twice as great as that from Chicago to New York.

OUR GUNNERS. In the tests of guns on the ships of the North Atlantic squadron recently the man behind the gun hit the target seven times in eleven.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Signature of J. C. Watson.

A CASE OF RESEMBLANCE.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

A faced the Captain in the early morning light, he was again startled by a resemblance which had startled him the night before when he had met her on the hotel porch.

He had worried through a restless night and had come early to walk up and down the beach and watch the green waves, with heavy, miserable eyes, and listen to their maddening monotone.

All at once he had come upon the Small Girl. She was barefooted and stood where the waves, shallow and foam-flecked, touched her toes. Her infinitesimal skirts were gathered up in a small bunch behind, and more ruffles than ever were in evidence. Her hair was twisted up into a knot on top of her head. And now the Captain knew why he was haunted. Somebody else had worn her hair that way. Somebody who had looked like this small maiden.

But his reflections were broken in upon rudely as the Small Girl rushed straight at him and clung to his white trousers with sand-soiled hands.

"It was a bigger wave," she shivered. "And I am awfully afraid of the big ones."

With a sudden rush of memory the Captain gathered her up in his arms. Somebody had clung to him once in just that frightened way, and somebody's curls had blown across his lips, and he—

—kissed them. He put the Small Girl down suddenly.

"Did you get wet?" he asked solicitously.

"No," she whispered, "but it came up to my knees and it looked so deep."

He sat down on a piece of driftwood and took her on his knee.

It's too early in the morning for little girls to be out alone.

Over the child's face there ran a ripple of mischievous laughter.

"Mother doesn't know," she gurgled, and clasped her small hands ecstatically. "I ran away."

At the flash of her blue eyes the hand of memory tugged once more at the Captain's heart.

"Go to sleep," went on the Small Girl, "and pretty soon she will wake up and say, 'Margaret, Margaret, Margaret!'"

The Captain stopped her. "Is your name Margaret?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes," said the Small Girl.

"Is your mother's name Margaret, too?" he went on.

She nodded and then gasped as the Captain caught her in his arms and held her very close and kissed her.

"Margaret Burton?"

So many questions for such a Small Girl to answer.

"Yes," said the Small Girl with a little tired of no matter what emotion which she did not understand. "My father's name was Jack," she volunteered.

"How old are you?" he asked suddenly.

"Six," was the proud answer.

"I knew your mother once," he said quietly.

"When I was up in heaven?" asked the Small Girl plausibly.

The Captain nodded, and the Small Girl settled herself to listen.

"Tell me about it," she said. "Was she a little girl then?"

"She was very young, and she had curls like yours and eyes like yours," he said.

"You don't know," said the Small Girl, "I have my father's lovely disposition."

"Did she say that?" demanded the Captain.

"Yes. But he went away."

"Why did he go?" asked the Captain.

"He and mother had a quarrel. It is dreadful for people to quarrel," protested the Small Girl virtuously. "I don't do it. And mother sent him away, and he went to war, and she can't write to him and tell him she is sorry, for he

The Small Girl Figures Pleasantly as Domestic Peacemaker in This Pretty and Interesting Romance Written by Temple Bailey.

didn't tell her where he was."

"The idiot," breathed the Captain, whose face was white and set.

The Small Girl slid down from his knee and faced him wrathfully.

"You shan't call him names. He's my very own father."

Into the Captain's eyes there came a look which the Small Girl did not understand. He caught the small hands in his and drew her to him.

"Suppose we write mother a letter and ask her to come down."

"Here?"

"Yes." The Captain took out a notebook and tore a leaf from it. Then he wrote the note with a hand that trembled, while the Small Girl watched him curiously.

"The red one," shrieked the Small Girl, "and can I carry it over my head?"

"Yes, anything you want."

The child danced out of sight, and Mrs. Burton turned to the Captain.

"Does she know?" she asked.

"No," he said.

"Why did you come back?"

"Because I am your husband and her father, dear. I should not have gone."

"But I sent you away," she said wearily, and the tears trickled down her white cheeks. "How can you forgive me?"

He sat down on the driftwood beside her and drew her head down on his broad shoulder.

THE STRANGE MEETING.

HE SAT DOWN ON A PIECE OF DRIFTWOOD AND TOOK HER ON HIS KNEE.

"What does it say?" she asked when it was folded.

"It says, 'Come down.'"

She opened it, looked at the scrawled characters, and was satisfied, although she could not read it.

But what it really said was: "Margaret: Fate led me to the beach, where we had been together in those first days, and brought to me your second self, little Margaret. It has been such a long time, dear. Surely after all these years there is nothing to keep us apart? Come."

As the Small Girl laboriously climbed the bluff the Captain watched her out of sight. Then he paced restlessly up and down, up and down.

At last he saw a woman down the beach coming, her figure half hidden by the ascending morning mists. He went to meet her, his eager eyes taking in the beauty of her—her curls gathered up in the old way, her cheeks pink with the hurry and excitement.

"Margaret!"

"Jack!"

There was only a minute for a silent greeting, and then the Small Girl came upon the scene. Her mother called to her before she reached them.

"Run back and get my parasol, dear."

"Because I have such a lovely parasol," he said.

Into her eyes came the same flash of mischief that he had seen in the Small Girl's.

"She told you I said that?"

"Yes, and it gave me courage."

Down the beach came a bobbing figure submerged in a red silk sunshade.

When the Small Girl reached them it was evidently much uplifted by the sight of her mother with her head against the Captain's coat.

Mrs. Burton swept her up in her arm and put her on the Captain's knee.

"It's your father, dear," she said.

Burton waited for a cry of rapture but the Small Girl was not allowed dramatic situations. She kissed him calmly, and then stroked his hand with her admiring fingers.

"We really have very nice noses," she giggled.

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LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Says Forty Is Age Limit.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Myself and other men of forty years of age, of good appearance, competent and with the best of references, try to gain positions. The answer in every instance has been that we are too old.

They want younger men. What is to become of men forty years old and upward who have not been successful in establishing a business for themselves?

I would like to hear the opinion of some of your readers. M. BROMER.

For Washing the Face.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Is it good to use cold water on the face after washing it with hot water?

H. A. M.

It is not good to use cold water on the face directly after washing it with hot water. Wash it with warm water (after the hot) then using tepid water and after that cold water.

The Voice of the Cynic.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Courtesy in society very often means putting up with a lot of disagreeable people whom you care nothing for. The secret way to find out what a man

likes is to try different samples on him. The man who puts up with you in a cool bin, with the faint hope that they might possibly lay eyes on you would be good policy to keep a pleasant face on these days (especially ladies), because Jack Frost is apt to snap it.

CYNIC.

Queries on Hat-Lifting.

To the Editor of The Evening World: With which hand is it customary to tip when meeting a lady? When walking unaccompanied I meet a friend of mine accompanied by a lady. I tip upon seeing him. He stops me and introduces me to his lady acquaintance.

Should I tip again upon receiving the introduction, and if so, with which hand?

B. H. C.

No gentleman should salute a lady by merely "tipping" his hat. He should bow his head respectfully when he entirely approves his hat. The bow is used for removing the hat if the gentleman thinks the lady intends to offer him her own right hand. In all other cases he lifts his hat with the hand furthest away from her.